MADE MEN

TOBIN
SUSINI
DUARTE
TEMOFONTE

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MADE MEN

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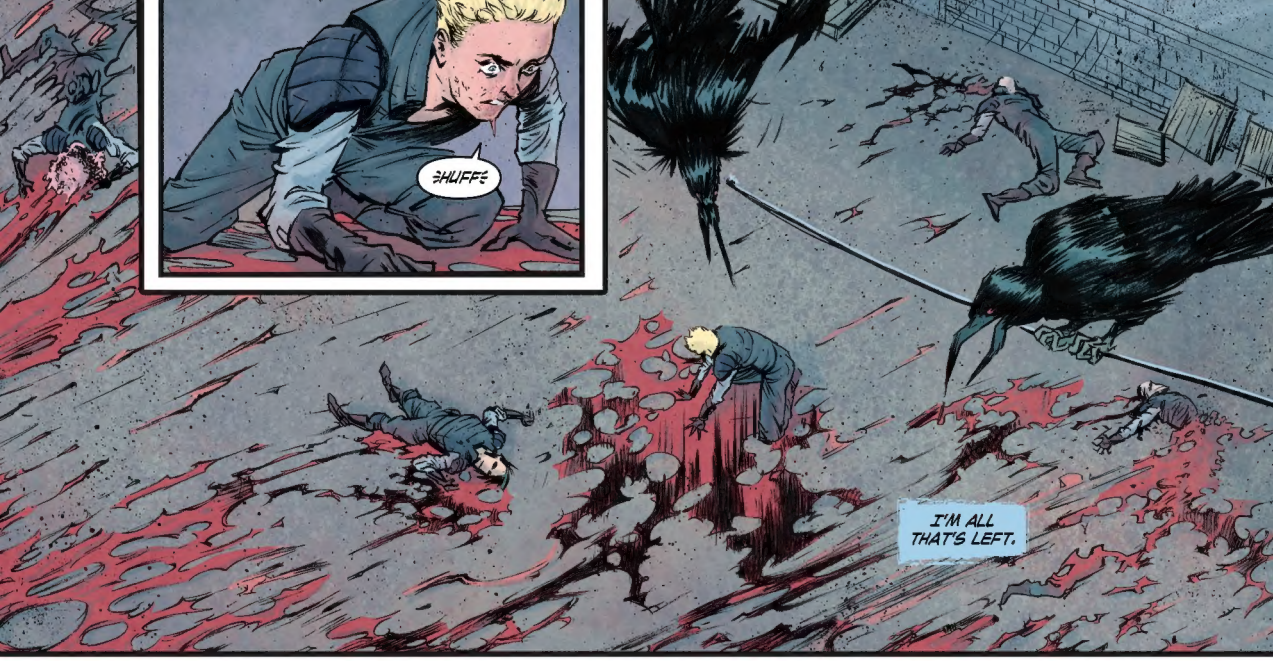
HADRY DIES FIRST.
SHE LIKED DANCE CLUBS, DANCE MUSIC, AND MUSIC HISTORY ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE CAVEMAN DAYS.
THE BULLET ENTERS HER HEAD AT 1300 MILES PER HOUR, TRAVELING SOMEWHAT SLOWER WHEN IT EXITS.
I'LL NEVER KNOW WHO.
THE SLUG RICOCHETS OFF A BRICK WALL, THEN A FIRE ESCAPE. THERE'S A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE AND SOMEBODY IS ALREADY SCREAMING.
POLICE
HADRY IS DEAD BEFORE SHE DROPS AND IS THE ONLY ONE OF US WHO NEVER KNOWS WHAT HIT THEM.

THE REST OF US DO.
MY UNIT WAS SHUTTLING BACK FROM A DRUG BUST WHEN I GOT THE CALL. A ROBBERY IN PROGRESS. COULD WE HELP? SURE, I RADIOED BACK. WHY NOT? WE'RE IN THE AREA.
BUT THIS ISN'T A ROBBERY. IT'S A HIT. IT'S AN AMBUSH IS WHAT IT IS, AND WE'RE SO DEEP IN SO MUCH SHIT THAT... WELL, IT'S OBVIOUS THIS WON'T GO WELL.
NO BACKUP IS POSSIBLE, EVEN IF WE HAD TIME TO RADIO. WE'RE IN THE BOONIES, HERE. WE ARE ALONE AND WE ARE DEAD.

I TAKE MULTIPLE SHOTS.
NONE FATAL.
AT THIS POINT IT'S ONLY TWO SECONDS AFTER HADRY DIED.
EX TAKES ONE THROUGH HIS THROAT.
POLICE
IT NEARLY POPS HIS HEAD OFF. I'D LOVE TO SAY HE DIED INSTANTLY, BUT I WAS TOO BUSY TO REALLY NOTICE. I WAS SCREAMING IN RAGE. PAIN.
GOD FUCKING DAMN IT!

LEO HEADS TOWARDS A DUMPSTER, TRYING TO REACH COVER...
...BUT HE DIES IN TRANSIT.
I TAKE ANOTHER BULLET. ALSO NOT FATAL.
UNHH!
MY FACE IS SLIDING IN MY OWN BLOOD. SOMEONE'S SCREAMING.
MAYBE IT'S ME. AM I SCREAMING? IT COULD BE ANYONE. THERE'S SO MANY POSSIBILITIES. THE GUNFIRE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE SHOTS. IT SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER. IT SOUNDS LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE.
IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS, I'M THINKING OF WHEN I WAS A KID. NOTHING IN SPECIFIC. JUST... WHEN I WAS A KID. IT'S A BLUR. EVERYTHING IS A BLUR.

POLICE
POLICE
HUGO AND BALDASSARE STEP ON A FUCKING LANDMINE.
THEY PUT LANDMINES OUT FOR US.
WHO THE HELL PUT OUT LANDMINES FOR US?
WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING? WHO THE FUCK DID WE PISS OFF?
IT'S RAINING. BLOOD AND MEAT. THE BOMB WENT OFF AND IT'S RAINING. IT'S RAINING MY FRIENDS.
I'M PRETTY SURE I'M THE ONE WHO'S SCREAMING.


SHUFF
I'M ALL THAT'S LEFT.

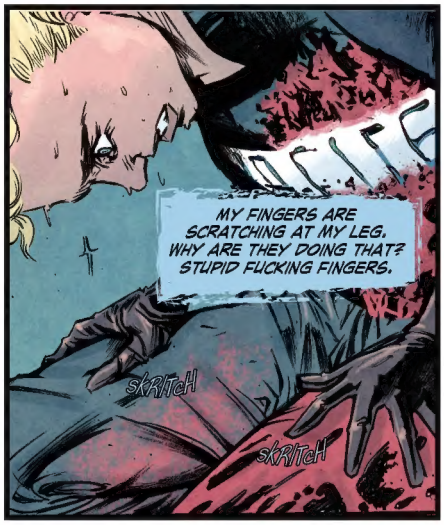
CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? ONLY A FEW SECONDS AND...I'M ALL THAT'S LEFT.

THAT THING THAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT YOUR LIFE PASSING IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO DIE? IT'S **BULLSHIT.** WELL, **MAYBE** IT'S BULLSHIT.

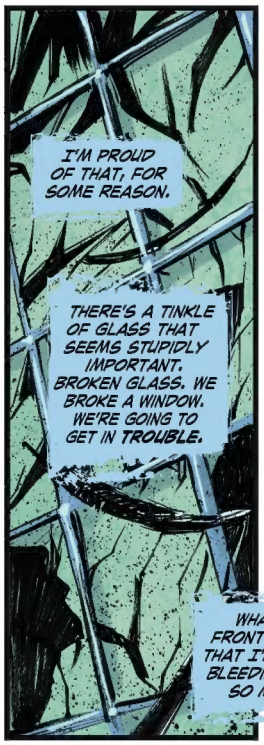
I CAN ONLY SPEAK FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.
WHAT PASSES IN FRONT OF MY EYES IS HOW THE AMBUSH PISSED OFF THE SLEEPING PIGEONS.

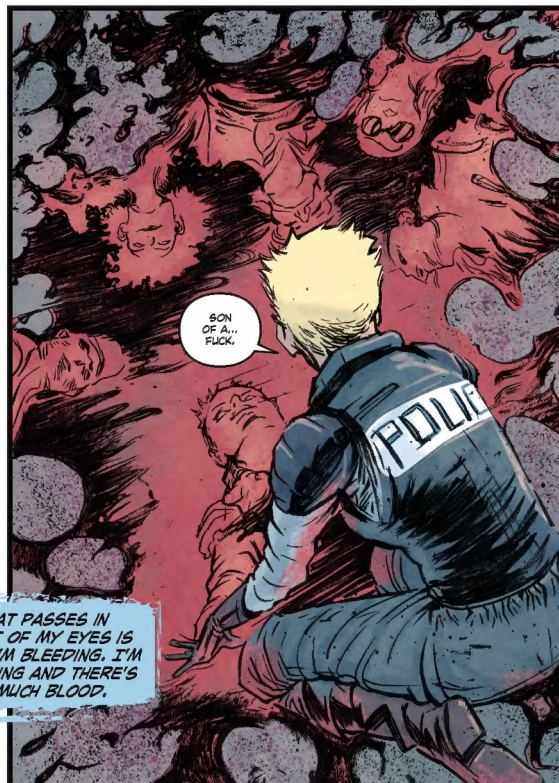
WHAT PASSES IN FRONT OF MY EYES IS HOW THERE ARE BUBBLES COMING FROM EX'S THROAT.

THERE'S A SMELL OF IRON IN THE AIR. IT'S SO STRONG IT **HURTS.**
DAMN IT. GOD DAMN IT.

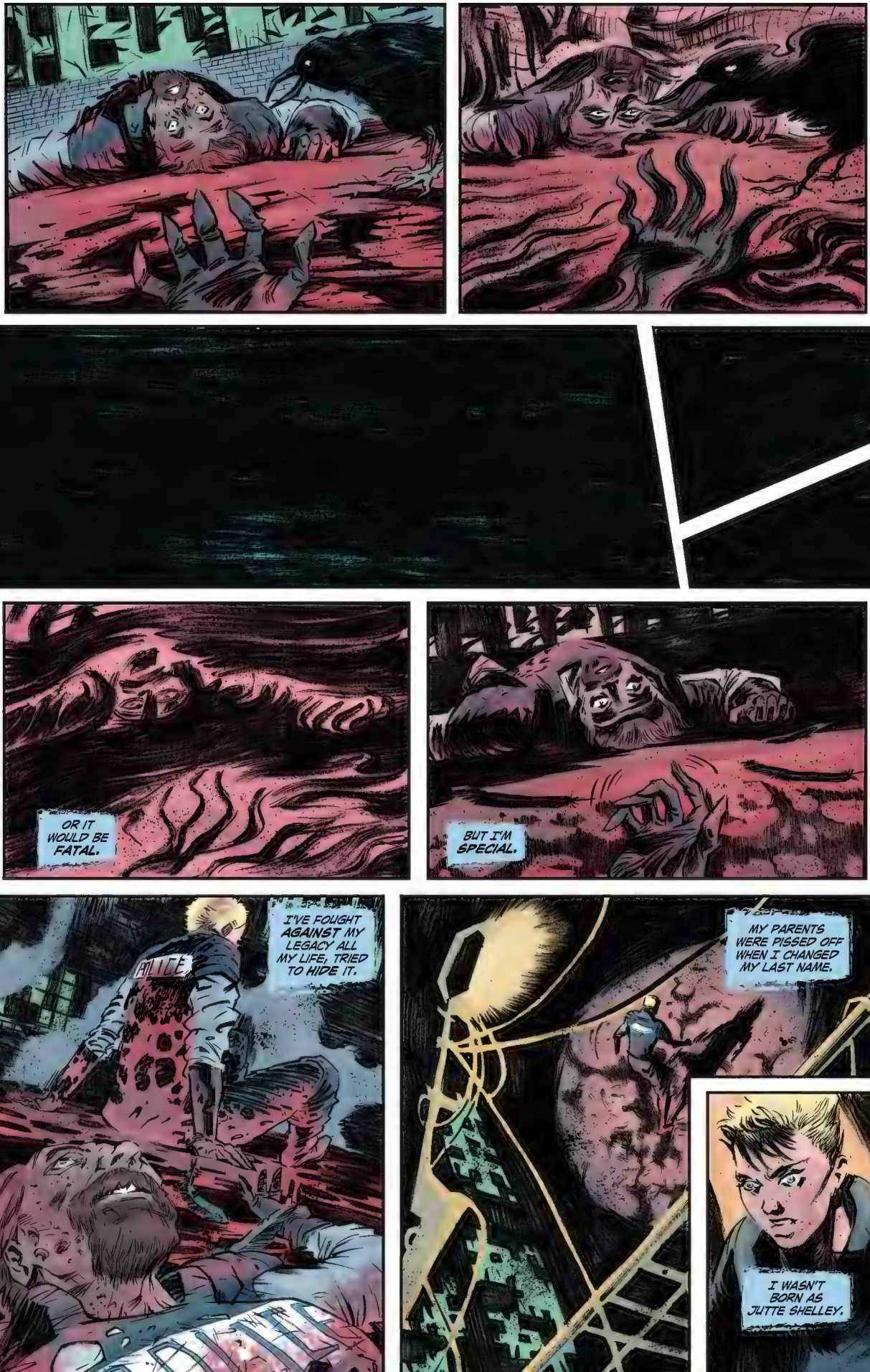

MY FINGERS ARE SCRATCHING AT MY LEG. WHY ARE THEY DOING THAT? STUPID FUCKING FINGERS.
SKRITCH
SKRITCH

WHAT PASSES IN FRONT OF MY EYES IS THAT HUGO MANAGED TO GET HIS GUN OUT BEFORE HE DIED.


I'M PROUD OF THAT, FOR SOME REASON.
THERE'S A TINKLE OF GLASS THAT SEEMS STUPIDLY IMPORTANT. BROKEN GLASS. WE BROKE A WINDOW. WE'RE GOING TO GET IN **TROUBLE.**


SON OF A... FUCK.
POLICE
WHAT PASSES IN FRONT OF MY EYES IS THAT I'M BLEEDING. I'M BLEEDING AND THERE'S SO MUCH BLOOD.

THAT'S HER, RIGHT?
THAT'S JUTTE SHELLEY. YEP.
WHAT PASSES THROUGH MY MIND IS THAT ALL MY FRIENDS ARE DEAD; BUT I'M NOT ALONE.
YOUR MUTTON-CHOPS LOOK RIDICULOUS, ASSHOLE.
SERIOUSLY? YOU KILLED MY FRIENDS WHILE WEARING THAT HAT?
THAT'S A CZ-P09. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE.
I HEAR MUSIC. IS SOMEONE PLAYING FUCKING MUSIC?
BLAM BLAM BLAM
BLAM BLAM
MULTIPLE BULLETS TO MY CHEST. ONE TO MY HEAD. FATAL, THIS TIME.

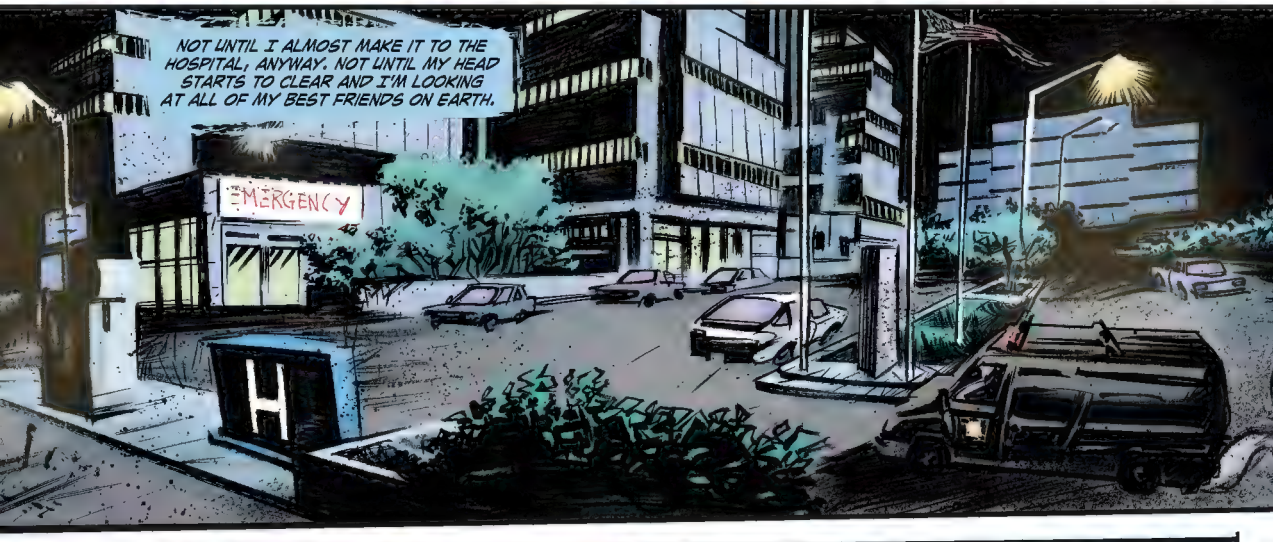

OR IT WOULD BE FATAL.
BUT I'M SPECIAL.
I'VE FOUGHT AGAINST MY LEGACY ALL MY LIFE, TRIED TO HIDE IT.
MY PARENTS WERE PISSED OFF WHEN I CHANGED MY LAST NAME.
I WASN'T BORN AS JUTTE SHELLEY.

I'M A FRANKENSTEIN.
AND THIS IS BULLSHIT.

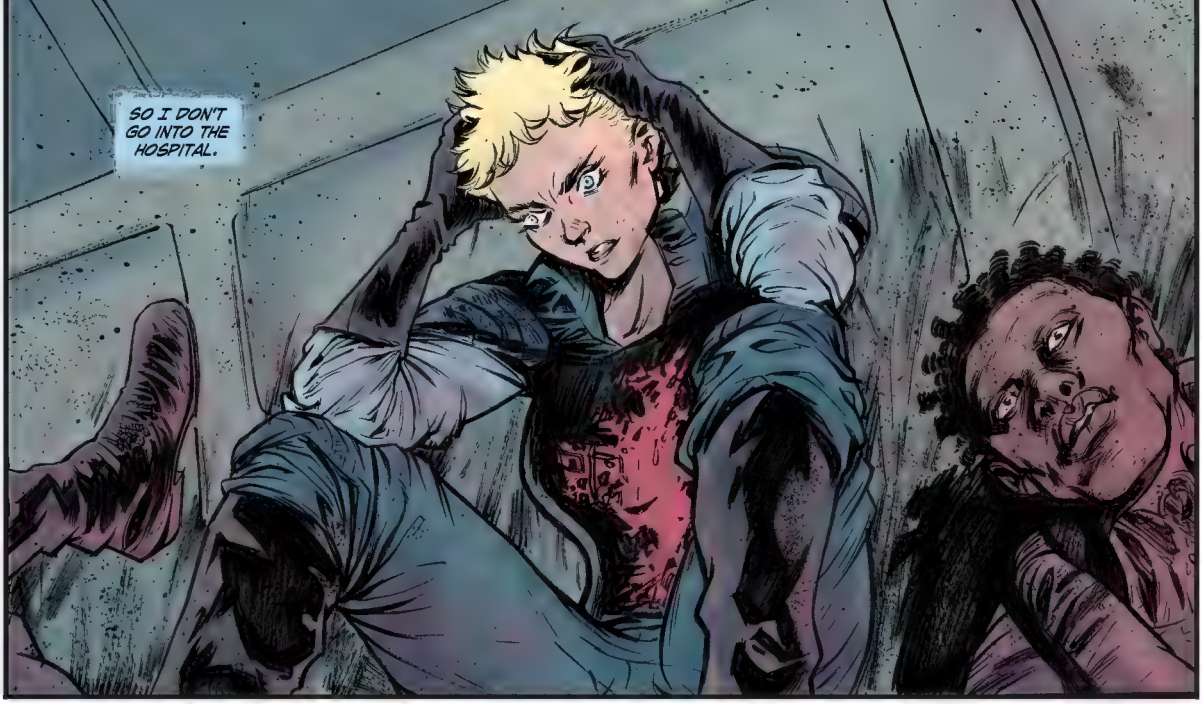
OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS I'VE BEEN DRINKING A 'WORKOUT POTION,' A STAMINA DRINK I CONCOCTED FROM A RECIPE IN MY GRANDMOTHER'S DIARY.
YEAH. GRANDMA FRANKENSTEIN.
SHE WAS HIS SISTER. YOU KNOW THE MAN I'M TALKING ABOUT.
CECILIA WAS THE LONGEST-LIVING MEMBER OF THE FRANKENSTEINS. IT'S A FAMILY SECRET, YOU KNOW, HOW SHE MANAGED TO LIVE SO LONG.
AND...EVEN FROM THE BEGINNING SHE WAS A HELLRAISER. TOOK NO SHIT, BUT GAVE A TON OF IT. AND GOD SHE WAS BRILLIANT.
HALF THE THINGS THAT HE SUPPOSEDLY DID...IT WAS REALLY HER.

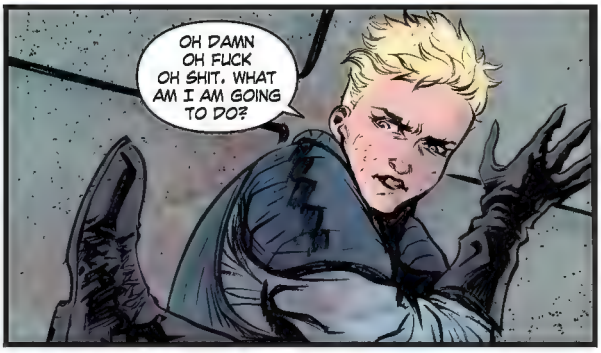
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE.
GRANDMA'S HEALTH POTION ACTS AS A PRESERVATIVE. IT KEEPS ME ALIVE. EVEN **HEALS** ME; SOMEWHAT. DOESN'T MAKE ME ANY **SMARTER**, THOUGH.

I'M GATHERING UP MY FRIENDS, HALF OUT OF MY MIND. NO...FUCK THAT. I'M **ONE HUNDRED PERCENT** OUT OF MY MIND.
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE.
HOSPITAL. I CAN GET THEM TO THE HOSPITAL.
I DON'T EVEN UNDERSTAND THEY'RE DEAD.


NOT UNTIL I ALMOST MAKE IT TO THE HOSPITAL, ANYWAY. NOT UNTIL MY HEAD STARTS TO CLEAR AND I'M LOOKING AT ALL OF MY BEST FRIENDS ON EARTH.
EMERGENCY
H

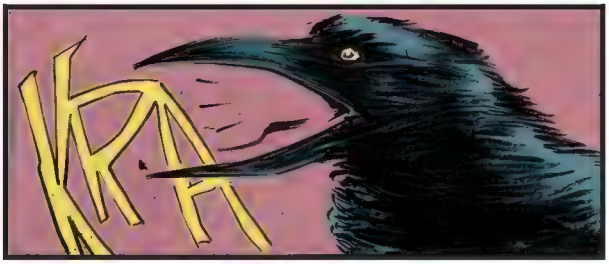
SHIT. SHIT. **SHIT.**
AND THEY'RE ALL SO VERY DEAD.


SO I DON'T GO INTO THE HOSPITAL.


OH DAMN OH FUCK OH SHIT. WHAT AM I AM GOING TO DO?

WHO THE FUCK WERE THOSE BASTARDS?
I CAN'T *BELIEVE* THIS BULLSHIT. WHAT THE FUCK AM I GOING TO *DO*?

BE A FRANKENSTEIN. THAT'S WHAT THE CROW TELLS ME.
I KNOW I'M CRAZY. I KNOW THERE ISN'T A CROW IN THE VAN WITH US.
I KNOW IT'S JUST MY MIND MESSING WITH ME. BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S A CROW OR MY MIND THAT'S SPEAKING--



--BECAUSE...
...YOU'VE GOT A GOOD POINT.

Sixteen hours later...
IF THE HEROIN ISN'T MAKING THE MONEY WE WANT, WE HAVE TO UP THE DEMAND. SUPPLY AND DEMAND IS JUST BUSINESS.
HOW DO WE UP THE DEMAND?
RIGHT NOW THE TONIO FAMILY HAS, WHAT, EIGHT PERCENT OF THE MARKET?
THAT'S ABOUT RIGHT.
SO, IF THE TONIO FAMILY DIDN'T EXIST, THAT'S AN EIGHT PERCENT BUMP IN OUR MARKET DEMAND.
YOU'RE SAYING YOU WANT A WAR?
NO, HARRISON. I DO NOT.
I WANT BUSINESS. IT'S A BETTER WORD.
FWUMP
HEY! YOU CAN'T COME IN--
WAIT!
LET HER IN.

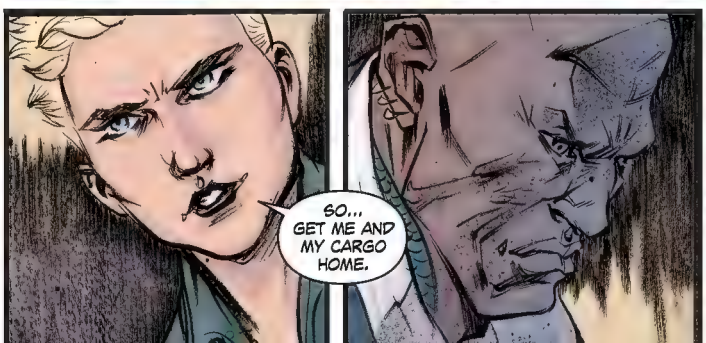
JUTTE?
HEY, BIZ. HOW YOU BEEN?
I'D HEARD YOU WERE DEAD.
YEAH. SO ANYWAY, ENOUGH SMALL TALK.
I'M GOING INTO THE FAMILY BUSINESS.
YOU MEAN...?
I MEAN MY NAME IS JUTTE FRANKENSTEIN.
EVERYBODY BUT JUTTE... GET OUT.
BOSS?
GET OUT!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU'D RATHER BE *DEAD* THAN WORK WITH SOMEONE LIKE ME?
AND I THOUGHT YOU'D HEARD I *WAS* DEAD.

AND HERE'S THE THING, IF YOU HEARD MY SQUAD WAS DEAD, IT'S FUCKING TRUE.
IT WON'T STAND. I WON'T LET IT STAND.

I'LL NEED A LOT OF MONEY, AND A BIG-ASS REFRIGERATION CONTAINER, AND A SAFE WAY TO GET ME HOME.
I DON'T MEAN TO MY APARTMENT. I MEAN MY *FAMILY* HOME.
AND NO SECURITY INSPECTIONS, *EVER,* SO THIS IS GOING TO BE TOUGH, BUT I *KNOW* YOU'VE BOUGHT YOURSELF WAYS TO IGNORE ANY LAWS YOU WANT.

AND... IN *RETURN?*


SO... GET ME AND MY CARGO HOME.

SIX YEARS AGO, YOUR DAUGHTER DIED.
I'M AWARE OF THIS.
TWO YEARS AGO, YOU FOUND OUT WHO I WAS, AND YOU CAME TO ME, BECAUSE OF HOW, SIX YEARS AGO, YOUR DAUGHTER DIED.
I'M AWARE OF THIS.
"YOU DUG UP SO MUCH SHIT ON MY FAMILY. NOT ONLY ABOUT HIM, THE ONE THEY WRITE ALL THE BOOKS ABOUT, BUT ON THE WHOLE FAMILY. ESPECIALLY MY GRANDMOTHER. THE ONE WHO REALLY STUDIED THE ART OF THE FRANKENSTEINS.
AND YOU TOLD ME YOU'D DO ANYTHING TO GET YOUR DAUGHTER BACK, AND I TOLD YOU TO GO TO HELL.
I'M AWARE OF THIS.
WELL, HERE'S THE THING. I'M THE ONE WHO WENT TO HELL, AND NOW I'M THE ONE ASKING...
...DO YOU STILL WANT YOUR DAUGHTER BACK?
YEAH. YEAH, I DO.
LET'S GET YOU HOME, JUTTE.

Three weeks later...

I'D NEVER BEEN INVOLVED IN THE FAMILY EXPERIMENTS.

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN SOMETHING IN THE AIR. SOMETHING IN MY BLOOD. AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH I'VE TRIED TO DENY IT ALL MY LIFE...

...I AM A FRANKENSTEIN.

Six months later. Today.
CLKK
THE HELL?
WHAT'S UP WITH MY FUCKIN' LIGHTS?
FUCKIN' SHIT. SOMETHING EVERY DAY.
SHIT. MAN COMES HOME, WANTS TO BE HOME, NOT STILL BE PUTTING UP WITH SHIT.
FSSST
FUCK'S THAT SMELL?
TAP

FUCK!
UGGH!
THOKK
SHIT!
UNHH!
GAHHH!
KERASH
NO NO NO WAIT THE FUCK A MINUTE HERE YOU...
THUFF THUCK
GAHH! DAMN IT!

LET ME TELL YOU A STORY.
S-SURE. F-FUCKIN' WHATEVER!
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED.
"HADRY DIED FIRST.
A BULLET THROUGH HER HEAD. A BULLET THAT YOU FIRED.
OH SHIT. NO WAY. YOU'RE THAT JUTTE CHICK.
"EX WAS SHOT THROUGH HIS THROAT.
"LEO DIED TRYING TO FIND COVER. DIDN'T MAKE IT.
"BALDASSARE AND HUGO STEPPED ON A LANDMINE.
"I HEARD MUSIC AND I SAW CROWS AND I SMELLED SO MUCH BLOOD AND NONE OF THAT MATTERS ANYMORE.
WHAT MATTERS IS THAT, BEFORE I WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD, AND AFTER I WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD, I MADE A PROMISE THAT I WOULDN'T LET DOWN MY TEAM, AND THAT WE WOULD FIND WHO SET US UP.
THAT'S WHAT MATTERS TO ME.
WHAT MATTERS TO YOU IS...

...THE MADE MEN ARE BACK.
To be continued...

NEXT ISSUE

TESTIMONIAL WITH...

MELISSA

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HI THERE, COMIC BOOK LOVERS!

My name's Melissa, and I'm the marketing assistant at Oni Press. Please forgive my blasé introduction, as I am currently writing you from a post-*IT Crowd* binge while drowning myself in a sea of coffee, waiting for an airplane that has a two-hour delay. But let's skip the travel, single-origin brew, and TV talk, and bring up comics (though isn't it glorious that certain panels we love are making their way to our screens... ahem, *Atomic Blonde*, have you seen it yet?).

What make comics so amazing are writers like Paul Tobin. Not only has he majestically cultivated an audience of all calibers and earned iconic Eisner notoriety, his writing reflects his passion so well. What I personally love about Paul is his knack for intricately characterizing female protagonists! You loved *Bandette* just as much as I did, right? Well, in exciting Oni news, he has a new series coming out this month: *Made Men*! Imagine a female Frankenstein, fighting underworld crime with vigilante justice. I'm always a heel for a strong female lead with a twist, and who doesn't love the idea of a living dead crime posse? And it's only the beginning, so I can't wait to see where Paul's skillful crime arc goes!

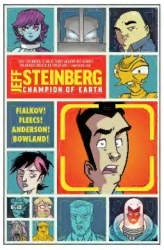
I am also uber-stoked about Arjuna Susini's art in this series. It has this classic nostalgic feel, with fine lines and hatching so reminiscent of the horror comics of yore. And have you seen the Juan Ferreyra variant floating around the interweb social channels, too? If you have, then you know it's too fierce to be forgotten. Three words: Dripping With Blood.

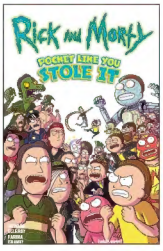
And, I must mention, *Made Men* #1 has a release date (September 6, 2017) the same week of Rose City Comic Con! So, if you know your comics geography, that's also both our and Paul's hometown of Portland, Oregon. We know that school will surely be back in session, with the fragrant smell of freshly sharpened pencils and the swish of nylon backpacks slinging over shoulders, but we hope to see you there!

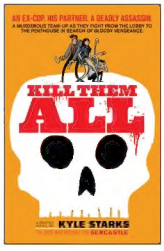
One more thing before I let you go, friends: please take a gander at all the amazing Oni releases out this month!

Best,
Melissa Meszaros MacFadyen
Marketing Assistant

▸ WHAT'S NEW THIS MONTH







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